

9-11-2006

Faculty Recital: Mozart/Shostakovich I

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Susan Waterbury

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ITHACA COLLEGE

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

FACULTY RECITAL

MOZART/SHOSTAKOVICH I

An evening of chamber music celebrating
the 250th birth anniversary of
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
and the 100th birth anniversary of
Dmitri Shostakovich (1906-1975)

Deborah Lifton, soprano
Susan Waterbury, violin
Charis Dimaras, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday, September 11, 2006
7:00 p.m.

ITHACA

PROGRAM

Piano Sonata in F Major,
K280 (1775)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Allegro assai
Adagio
Presto

5 Lieder

An Chloë, K524 (1787, Jacobi)

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuten Liebhabers verbrannte,
K520 (1787, Baumburg)

Das Veilchen, K476 (1785, Goethe)

Abendempfindung an Laura, K523 (1787, Campe)

Der Zauberer, K472 (1785, Weisse)

INTERMISSION

Sonata for Violin and Piano, Op. 134 (1968)

Dmitri Shostakovich
(1906-1975)

Andante
Allegretto
Largo

Two further evenings, which will also feature vocal and instrumental chamber works of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and Dmitri Shostakovich, will take place at the Hockett Family Recital Hall on: Monday, September 18, at 7:00 p.m.
Monday, September 25, at 7:00 p.m.

Photographic, video, and sound recording and/or transmitting devices are not permitted in the Whalen Center concert halls. Please turn off all cell phone ringones.

Translations

1. To Chloe

When love shines from your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and with the pleasure of gazing into them
my heart pounds and glows;

and I hold you and kiss
your rosy, warm cheeks,
lovely maiden, and I clasp
you trembling in my arms,

maiden, maiden, and I press
you firmly to my breast,
which at the last moment,
only at death, will let you go;

then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed
by a gloomy cloud,
and I sit then, exhausted,
but blissful, next to you.

2. When Louisa burnt the letters of her unfaithful lover

Generated by ardent fantasy;
in a rapturous hour
brought into this world - Perish,
you children of melancholy!

You owe the flames your existence,
so I restore you now to the fire,
with all your rapturous songs.
For alas! he sang them not to me alone.

I burn you now, and soon, you love-letters,
there will be no trace of you here.
Yet alas! the man himself, who wrote you,
may still perhaps burn long in me.

3. The Violet

A violet stood upon the lea,
Hunched o'er in anonymity;
So amiable a violet!
Along there came a young shepherdess
Light paced, full of contentedness
Along, along, the lea, and sang her song.

Ah!" thinks the violet, "were I just
The fairest flower in the dust
For just a little while yet,
Until that darling seizes me
And to her bosom squeezes me!
For just, for just a quarter hour long!"

Ah! And alas! There came the maid
And no heed to the violet paid,
Crushed the poor little violet.
It sank and died, yet filled with pride:
And though I die, I shall have died
Through her, through her, and at her feet have died."

Poor little violet! So amiable a violet!

4. Evening Hours

Evening it is; the sun has vanished,
And the moon streams with silver rays;
Thus flee Life's fairest hours,
Flying away as if in a dance.

Soon away will fly Life's colorful scenes,
And the curtain will come rolling down;
Done is our play, the tears of a friend
Flow already over our grave.

Soon, perhaps (the thought gently arrives like the west wind -
A quiet foreboding)
I will part from life's pilgrimage,
And fly to the land of rest.

If you will then weep over my grave,
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes,
Then, o Friends, I will appear
And waft you all heavenward.

And You [my beloved], bestow also a little tear on me,
And pluck me a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful gaze,
Look then gently down on me.

Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to cry;
Those tears will be in my diadem
then: the fairest pearls!

5. The Enchanter

Girls, run away from Damoetas!
The first time I saw him,
I sensed something never felt before, I was, I was, I cannot describe it,
I sighed, trembled and seemed to rejoice,
Believe me, he must be a sorcerer.

When I set eyes on him, I grew warm,
Soon I was flushed, then turned pale
Finally he took me by the hand;
Who can say what I experienced?
I saw, I heard nothing, spoke nothing but yes and no;
Believe me, he must be a sorcerer.

He led me into the thicket,
I wanted to flee, yet simply followed;
He sat, I sat;
He spoke, I stammered in syllables;
He stared, my eyes narrowed;
Believe me, he must be a sorcerer.

Aroused, he pressed me to his breast,
What sweet pain did I feel!
I gulped, could barely breathe,
Luckily my mother showed up;
But for that, O gods,
What would have become of me after so much sorcery!